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The Cross.

FROM Eden's west,
O'er mountain's crest,
Through hills that droop to ocean line;
O'er snowcaps calm
And waving palm,
There comes through all a holy sign.

On Calvary's steep,
'Bove ocean's deep,
There stands this sign, the cross of love:
On coral reef,
'Neath waving leaf,
It casts a shade from high above.

Alone it stands,
In barren lands,
The sign of God's Son gone to rest;
It finds its home
Beneath the dome
'Bove which there dwells the Father blest.

From mountain walls
To marble halls,
It breathes alike to swain, to king,
The sweetest love
From God above,
That angel voices e'er can sing.

May from this tree
The lesson be,
To love the Savior, Jesus sweet;
He sought to die
That you and I
Might love Him, and in Heaven meet.

L. D. MONAHAN, '06.

Père Marquette.*

THE beautiful Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington contains a brilliant array of grand monuments. On their pedestals are inscribed names illustrious in the annals of our country's history. A grateful people has erected them in recognition and reward for noble and heroic deeds and faithful service in the cause of country and humanity. Beside these stands another statue, another monument, one of wonderful exactness and faithfulness of execution, of surprising and exquisite beauty. It is of the purest white marble, and represents the hallowed and inspiring figure of the discoverer of the Mississippi, the Jesuit priest and missionary, Père Marquette.

The story of the erection of this statue is an interesting one and sufficiently well known to you all. The disgraceful vandalism perpetrated upon it, we have witnessed with indignation and disgust. And now that we have seen the long line of opposition to its acceptance into Statuary Hall beaten down, and that our hearts throb with joy and ill-suppressed satisfaction and triumph, our latent interest is aroused and we wonderingly ask ourselves, what could raise such a fanatical storm and provoke such uncommon opposition. Perhaps we are but imperfectly acquainted with the man the placing of whose statue provoked such a storm. Do his deeds, perhaps, not merit for him any distinction, any honor, that his enemies are justified in their refusal to pay tribute to his memory? Père Marquette! Glorious hero! What injustice, ingratitude and malevolence is thine! In the far dim distance, among

* Spoken before the Columbian Society, March 19th.

the wilds of Canada, I see thy gentle and apostolic form arising. Thou pointest to the dark forests, the rushing rivers, and solitary plains: they have heard thy voice and bear the imprint of thy hallowed footsteps. Thou pointest to a host of Indian souls made pure white and by thy sweet and angelic words, and they stand before thee with beaming faces and uplifted hands and invoke thee as their angel and prophet. Thou pointest to the grand, quiet river of thy discovery, and it instantly seethes and surges and proclaims thee its father.

Our fancy loves to travel back along the vista of years to the wild scenes where trod this saintly missionary; where the noble stream flows whose bright placid waters first flashed upon his glad eyes and hailed him as its discoverer. And yet much as it displeases us, this great title and claim is disputed. In that same Statuary Hall at Washington hangs a celebrated piece of painting, a famous canvas of the American painter, Poyell, representing the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, in 1539. The Mississippi discovered by both DeSoto and Marquette? To whom does the honor belong? Can Marquette consistently claim the title of discoverer in 1673, and can we with equal consistency attribute this great achievement to him, when De Soto had stood on its verdant banks and seen its gentle motion a hundred years before the great Marquette was born? Should not the sculptor have carved merely the word "explorer" on the pedestal of the Statue in the Capitol?

Yes, it is true that De Soto and not Père Marquette was the first to lay his eyes on that great stream. But is he a discoverer who simply visits a strange land, who touches an unknown coast? whose steps traverse a stream which no human eye has ever seen before? No! He is one whose indefatigable labor results in something permanent, who adds to the fund of human

knowledge. The knowledge of the discovery by De Soto had produced no lasting effects. That knowledge, whatever had been its extent, had long since vanished from the minds of men then living. It was only after years of patient and arduous investigation that Père Marquette had supplied himself with the necessary information concerning the Great River. From the Illinois tribe, which had often crossed it, he heard strange accounts; he heard marvels of it from the Sioux who lived on its banks; and a strong desire possessed him to explore the mystery of its course. This had always been the object of his earnest endeavors; this his continual invocation to the Holy Virgin. "Above all," writes Marquette, "I placed the voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate, promising that, if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of the Conception." The story is familiar to you all. Setting out from Mackinaw, making their way in birch bark canoes to the head of Green Bay, they launched them on the waters of the Wisconsin, and committed themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither. Gently they glided and dropped down the calm tranquil stream, day after day keeping on their silent journey; now gliding by dark shadowing trees, by castle-shaped cliffs; now coming into the brilliant sunlight of open prairies, the parks and pleasure grounds of a prodigal nature; now entering the long shadow of miles of unbroken forest. At night a peaceful slumber beneath the stars; in the morning the dispelling of the bright mist from the water's surface which hung over it like a bridal veil,—these the happy tidings of a happier discovery. Suddenly before them a silent, rapid current coursed athwart their way, and with bounding hearts and "inexpressible joy," they floated out upon the bosom of the shining waters of

the Upper Mississippi. And thus the great work of discovery had been done—an accomplishment wonderful in its effects, both as regards the country and its people. To the missions along the inland seas of Quebec, to France the great news was heralded. The widest field was opened for the sowing of the seeds of the Gospel among the warlike and savage Indian nations. La Salle, that fearless soldier and intrepid explorer, followed in the wake of these discoveries and planted the Fleur de Lis of the Bourbons on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The way to the Gulf of California and to the seas of Japan and China was found by ascending the Missouri across the great West to the Pacific. Admirable lines of navigation were established between Canada and the South, opening the fertile and beautiful young country to a hardy race of settlers.

And what were the inducements for the humble missionary? Besides the inviolable obedience which he owed to his order and superiors, nothing but the love for his country, the zeal for souls, only the spirit of the Gospel could inspire him with that courage and patience which he evinced in the severest trials and sufferings. And suffering was his daily lot. Each missionary among the barbarian people must expose himself to the inclemencies of the weather; must brave the severity of the climate; must often live and labor without sufficient nourishment, sleep, as it were, without a resting place; always carrying his life in his hands; doomed to be captured, scarred, scalped, burned and tortured to death,—those were the glorious inducements that drew forth from the sunny land of France that troop of angelic men; these the dangers that had to be faced before the Red Man was softened and could say in the words which our great poet Longfellow places in the mouth of Hiawatha to

"The Black-robe chief, the pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom.

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us !
Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us !
Never the broad leaves of our corn fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us !"

And the answer made by the Black-robe was the answer of all his followers. Père Marquette's words were an example and inspiration to his brethern. His gentle lessons of love and piety was the influence which impelled them to extend their heavenly Master's dominion and marks its limits by carving His sacred name upon the trees of his creation.

"Then the Black-robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary
And her Blessed Son, the Savior,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How he fasted, prayed and labored ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into Heaven.
And the chiefs made answer saying :
'We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !' "

What his noble deeds, great discoveries, heroic character and hallowed person have contributed to the inspiration of the people of his own times, both red and white, these same qualities and accomplishments should for all ages continue to be an incentive to every man; to statesmen and soldiers, missionaries and leaders of enterprises, ruler and subject. Theirs should be the endeavor to emulate this model, his courage and firmness in danger, his intrepidity in enterprise, his gentleness and unselfishness in his dealings with his fellow men, his noble sentiments of true love and patriotism for his God and country.

The statue dedicated to this grand figure is a monument erected to all that is pure, noble, elevated, hallowed and edifying. The tributes that the age owes him are innumerable. Honest and truth-loving men; men alike alive to a keen sense of justice and disinterestedness, have already taxed their powers in lauding and exalting his deeds and character. By one he is characterized as a "dauntless explorer, a thoughtful observer and a faithful chronicler." "*Primus inter pares*," says C. C. Black, "he is in the front rank with Marco Polo, Livingston and Stanley; he was first in the great race of European-American civilization; leader in the way where multitudes have followed. Where he walked, brushing the dews from the wild grasses with his sandaled feet and hearing only the sound of solitude,—railways and canals bear busy myriads in their rushing ways!" Another calls him a missionary saint, a godly man, and one to whom America owes enduring memory; for in his humble figure, she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

His will assuredly be a memory of lasting and grateful recollections. His was a warm, sympathetic heart warmed by a noble cause. Like the Marquette of

Mexico, Las Casas, he was inspired by one great, glorious idea, which like a golden light from Heaven, flooded his soul, and towards the accomplishment of which he consecrated all his energies. His views and ideas were magnificent and sublime, and he followed their beckoning light with eager and unswerving steps. The serving of his great Master was the keynote to all his thoughts, to all he said and did, to every act of his long life. The Holy Virgin was ever the object of his pious, almost chivalrous, devotion. His faults were few, and if he had some of the common weaknesses of humanity he possessed virtues that rarely belong to it. As such his memory will be remembered and cherished; as such his noble person and more inspiring example will be an inspiration to future generations; as such his hallowed figure will find a niche in the hearts of all those by whom virtue and saintliness and heroic courage have always been enshrined in the sanctuary of their affections.

FELIX DIDIER, '04.

Marguerita.

YE who cherish quaint traditions,
Ye whose hearts are pure and simple,
Sit and listen to the story
Of the maiden Marguerita,
Little orphan, child of Mary;
Of her blissful days, her sojourn,
Of her woe, its wondrous ending.

I.

In a rich and verdant valley
Stood a quaint and humble cloister
Of St. Dominic's white-robed sisters,
Spun with ivy and the trumpet,
With the blue and white wysteria,
Midst the maples' rustling branches,
Near a brooklet, green with cresses;
Where the willows, swept by west winds,
Sighed and sung in gentle cadence;
Sung conjointly with the ripples
Of the brooklet's clearest waters,
With the robin and the locust.
Here in infant days was taken
Marguerita, helpless orphan;
Here she grew, and learned to ramble
In the blissful days of sunshine
Through the dale amid the willows,
Watched and led by Celestina,
Best of sisters, friend of children;
Swinging in the swing, or playing
On the greensward neath the maples;
Rambling o'er the blooming meadows,
Strolling where the ferns and mosses
Grew in cushions by the oak trees,
Grew in secret, lowly places.
There did little Marguerita
Gambol, ever joyful, happy.
Marguerita like a lily
Bloomed here midst the verdant meadows;
With the beauty of the roses,
With the apple blossoms' blushes.

Side by side with Celestina,
Here in spring she gathered snow-drops,
Cresses, too, and during summer
Alder blossoms, giant daisies,
And in later days the wahoo.
Here good sister Celestina
Often whiled with Marguerita,
Told her legends and traditions
Of St. Cristoph in the river,
Of the monks on Bernard's mountain,
Of those wicked warriors also,
Who, in wanton sport indulging,
Shot their arrows at the image
Of good Jesus by the wayside;
How the one had lodged his missile
In His heart, and how the other
Fixed his arrow in His shoulder;
How as onward they were marching
Mystic arrows aimed straight at them;
Heart and breast of one transpiercing,
Shoulder of the other wounding;
And of Blessed Herman's legend,
Of his apple and the Virgin—
Marguerita ever with her
Played beneath the weeping willows,
Plashed the rippling silver brooklet,
Watched the rain drops gently dimpling
On the placid river's surface.
Gathered wild flowers, ferns, and blue-bells,
Brought them tripping to the sister,
Kissed her hand and cross of Jesus,
Dangling on the sister's rosary.
Then would Celestina whisper,
"Mayst thou ever stay angelic,
May the angels ever guard thee.—
Play not, dearest, by the brooklet,
When the Angelus has sounded,
When the sun behind the pine trees
Sinks to rest in golden slumber,
When the west winds cease to whisper,
When the sisters say the rosary,
Lest the gypsy friend of children
Snatch you while she gathers cresses."

II.

On a balmy day in spring time
Marguerita saw the butterfly,
Dancing in the evening sunshine.
To the streamlet's brink it fluttered,
Down along the alder bushes,
Like a blossom was it mottled ;
Down along the weeping willows,
Flashing now, now lost in shadows,
Fluttered lightly o'er the greensward ;
Followed sprightly Marguerita,
Overjoyed, pursuing gayly,
Saw not how she ran a distance
Down the streamlet from the cloister.
O'er the brooklet fled the butterfly,
Sank from sight behind the birches,
Sank in halos of the sunset
Down upon the mints and iris.
Marguerita, gamboling onward,
Sought the blossoms of the meadow,
Ever plucking and arranging
Neat bouquets for Celestina.
In the brooklet, gathering cresses,
Stood the darksome gypsy hidden,
Gazed unseen on Marguerita,
Stole through alders, rushes, willows,
Snatched the frightened little maiden,
Leaped across the dimpled streamlet,
Sped towards the woodland shadows,
To the nook where lurking gypsies
Camped in numbers midst the thicket ;
Mid the wagons, capped with canvas ;
Where the gypsy urchins gamboled,
Where the frowning witches gossiped,
Where the gruff voiced gypsies loitered,
Where the shaggy mongrels lingered.
Marguerita, weeping, sobbing,
Frightened, as they clustered round her,
Trembled at their frowns and gestures.
"O good sister Celestina !
Let me home to Celestina !
Let me to the peaceful cloister—
You are not like white-robed sisters,

You no rosary wear, no crosses,
Have no smile, no tender voices.
Celestina! come and take me!"
"Be of cheer," spake darksome women,
"Be of cheer, for here are maidens;
Many plays, endearing, mirthful,
Have they here, and you will like them.
All the flowers' names they well know,
Mints and wermuth, healthy rootlets;
Butterflies the boys will capture,
Make for you the brown-birch whistle,
Show you how to snare the rabbit
And entrap the cunning foxes."
But the troubled Marguerita
Cried with plaintive voice the louder,
"Bring me back to Celestina!"

III.

Marguerita lay on mosses,
Underneath the spreading dogwood,
Lay on leaves besides the gypsy,
Late that night in silence sobbing.
Crickets sang their song as ever,
Kissed her cheek the silver moonlight;
But her tears away it kissed not,
As at times did Celestina,
When her heart o'erflowed with sorrow.
Sympathizing stars were twinkling
Through the denser trailing grape-vine;
Dark and dreary looked the forest,
Black and gloomy looked the pine trees,
Kawed no raven, rasped no locust.
Marguerita saw no streamlet,
Saw no spotless, white-robed sisters,
But away toward the eastward,
Beaming straight across the heavens,
Shimmering, struggling through the branches
On her tears and flowing tresses,
Marguerita saw a bright star.
"Hail, O hail, bright star of heaven!
O I see the Virvin Mary
Seated in the Star of Ocean;

Take me to your realms, O Mary,
Ere in gypsy land I wander,
Ere these gypsies of the moorland
Lead me through the dismal marshes;
Daily have I said my Aves,
Daily prayed my Memorare."
And the Virgin sent a slumber,
Sweetly dreams to Marguerita;
And behold in splendor Mary!
Wafted through the skies and cloudlets,
By the brightest stars escorted,
Treading downy realms of whiteness,
Came the Queen, the friend of children.
All the heavens glittered doubly,
All the tree-tops ceased their rustling,
All the branches ceased their sighing,
All the winds then ceased to whisper.
Clothed in waving veils of whiteness,
Face like sunshine radiant, glorious,
Came the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Folding Marguerita gently
To her sacred, loving bosom,
Rose she now in flooding halo.
High above the nodding tree-tops,
Through the gliding flocks and cloudlets,
Rising upward, floating eastward,
Crossed the silver streak, the streamlet,
Through the maple tops descended,
As they ope'd and closed above her.
Down upon the dewy greensward
Mary laid her precious burden;
Vanished o'er the rustling maples,
Sped upon the moonbeams upward,
Welcomed by the heavenly myriads,
By the angels of her kingdom.

IV.

"Where art thou, O Marguerita?
Oh, that I could die to find you!
Marguerita! Marguerita!"
Thus spake sister Celestina.

From the twilight to late midnight
Sighing, praying, weeping, pining,
Searching, by the streamlet calling,
Nowhere found she Marguerita.
When at night the moon in cloudlets
Over half his path had wandered,
Came he to the chapel's window,
Saw there sister Celestina,
Bowing low before her Savior,
Pouring forth her heart's affliction,
Shedding tears and gently sobbing;
Saw her faithful look directed
To the Blessed Virgin's image,
Looks of grief, of fond affection,
Looks of love, of deep confiding.
"Hearken, Mary, it is unknown
That we ever were confounded,
Trusting in your loving kindness,
In your great consoling goodness,"
Prayed she, and in mellow accents
Heard she, "Aye, anon I bring her."
Rose with joyous heart the sister,
Hastened straightway to the portal,
To the cloister's broad veranda;
Saw her darling, deep in slumber,
On her forehead played the moonbeams,
On her flowing tresses, zephyrs.
Opened now her eyes the maiden,
Saw the loving Celestina,
"Marguerita!" "Celestina!"
Glancing, they embraced with kisses,
Not another word they whispered,
Long and fond they claspt each other,
Long and gently sobbed in silence.
Then the happy Marguerita
Told the sister of the butterfly,
Of the frowning, lurking gypsies,
Of the shimmering star of heaven,
Smiling at her from the eastward,
How she beckoned, how she slumbered,
How she wandered with the angels.
Celestina sat in wonder,
Raised her eyes, then whispered "Salve"!

Many years have crept like ivies
O'er the cloister quaint and sombre;
Still it stands beneath the maples,
Stands beside the purling brooklet.
Still the cresses check its ripples,
Still the gypsies come in April,
Still they gather mints and rootlets.
Still the wren and robin nestle
In the alders, willows, birches.
But no roving Marguerita
Dabbles in the babbling brooklet;
But a slender, graceful sister,
White-robed, girdled, with a rosary,
Walks beneath the rustling maples,
By the brooklet's brink and hedges.
Now 'tis sister Marguerita,
Who in thankfulness to Heaven
And the gracious Virgin Mary,
Prays and loves and teaches children
How to sing sweet Mary's anthem.

RAYMOND RATH, '06.



The Oratory of Daniel O'Connell.

THE Green Isle claims as her son one who was probably one of the greatest of men, and certainly one of the greatest of orators, Daniel O'Connell. Whatever may be thought of the possibility of anyone being a great orator without being at the same time a great man, everyone will admit that O'Connell was both. His qualities as a man supplemented and sustained his powers as an orator. It was his love of country, his love of justice and freedom, his high conception of the dignity of man, his intense devotion to what he considered his mission in life, that made his oratory so effective. If he did not wholly succeed in making Ireland "one in heart and hand" and freeing

her politically, it must not be imputed to him as a fault. Considering the innumerable difficulties with which he had to contend, we will rather wonder how it was possible for one man to achieve so much.

An all-ruling Providence gave O'Connell to the Irish at a time most favorable for the exercise of his powers. The spirit which had actuated the men of '98 still slumbered in the hearts of the people, awaiting the coming of one who would arouse that spirit, and direct its energies into the right channel. In O'Connell was found the leader. Fitted by nature and by art to cope with the most skilled of English statesmen, he brought out the latent spirit of the Irish and turned their energies and hopes from the battlefield into the council hall.

By nature an orator, O'Connell cultivated this gift till he brought it to a high degree of perfection. Although always impassioned, always glowing with the ardor of the Celt, he never suffered himself to be carried away by his passion; yet so strongly has he impressed himself upon his writings that the reader fancies he almost sees the heroic form of O'Connell rising from the pages, to battle for justice and right.

His oratorical powers, which have caused him to take rank with the greatest of orators of modern times, were many and varied. Possessed of a voice at once "deep, sonorous, and flexible," he swayed the mightiest court of Europe by his eloquence and made the English monarch fear him from the throne. In the words of a contemporary, "His was the finest voice ever heard in Parliament." O'Connell was both a convincing and a persuasive orator. From the mind to the heart, and back again, he passed with a rapidity as swift as his arguments were lucid. When he addressed the Irish people the words flowed straight from the heart, pure and unsullied by personal ambition. When he addressed

the English in their halls of Parliament cold reasoning showed the justice of the Irish cause. His case was the grandest that ever engaged the powers of an orator—to obtain justice and freedom for a noble but unfortunate nation. It was a cause to inspire and fire the hearts of the coldest of men, but in O'Connell it stifled every other affection. He echoed the wrongs of his country, and his cry, therefore, rang out with noble fervor and intensity.

How noble he appears to us when we see him infusing into his Irish audiences some of his ardor and enthusiasm. He speaks of Ireland in the tenderest accents of love, as a mother would speak of her only child. Justice for Erin was what he sought and he would “not be content with less—I am leaving England to the English, and Scotland to the Scotch, but we must have Ireland for the Irish.”

O'Connell's style was rugged and without ornament, at times even slovenly, but always strong and picturesque. The historian Lecky, commenting on this, says: “The listener seemed almost to follow him in the working of his mind,—he perceived him hewing his thoughts into rhetoric with the chisel not of a Canova, but of a Michael Angelo. In his use of epithet, which was frequent, he often combined originality and freshness with a certain weirdness. His comparison of the smile of Sir Thomas Peele to the shining of the silver plate on a coffin stands unequaled, perhaps, in any language in strangeness of force.

His oration “Demanding Justice,” is a good index to the power and style of his oratory. The exordium, if it may be called such, is brief. A few sentences, indicative of what is to follow, make up the whole of the introduction. Launching forth into his speech, the man becomes lost in the words he utters. Fire and energy hang upon his every word. Be

it when he denounces "lip-service" or when he scores the infamy of English tyranny, the man lives and has his very being in the sentences that fall like thunderbolts from his lips. Sarcasm, biting and incisive, underlies his remarks to the "right honorable baronet" and the "noble lord." A depth of meaning, which the casual reader fails to catch, is centered in those sentences to the above-mentioned nobles. O'Connell hints at a coalition—"not a base unprincipled one", yet a coalition, to arouse the interest and feelings of his hearers. He throws out a few caustic remarks to lend the heat of battle to his words.

England's treatment of Ireland he characterizes as one grand tragedy, the present also contributing a scene. The groans of the audience to hear the tale of their infamous deeds flung back into their teeth, found ready answer from O'Connell when he called the groan "just a piece with the rest."

What force had not obtained, what an outraged and enslaved nation had through long centuries cried for in vain, for what men had vainly shed the very last drops of their heart's blood, O'Connell sought and obtained in the halls of Parliament. How touchingly does he appeal to their sentiments of justice! Our heart is touched by that little scene wherein he tells them that "years are coming over him, but that his heart is as young and as ready as ever in the service of his country." Quietly, but with the tact of a consummate master, he recalls the treatment which he received in the "other house." This was long since known to every one of his hearers, but added significance is given it when heard from the lips of Daniel O'Connell himself. He has already noted the inroads of age upon him; now he pictures that same old age ruthlessly

shorn of its dignity and in its prerogatives and trampled in the dust. Through their hearts, by touching the fountain-springs of their sympathy, does he prepare them for his just demands.

Coming to the end of the speech, one is struck at the candor with which he reveals the extent and causes of his influence in Ireland. Others may bask in the treacherous sunshine of royal smiles, but his joy is in the possession of the hearts of the Irish people. He himself shows us how unselfish was that possession, when he says, "It is a melancholy consideration to me to think that you are adding substantially to that power and influence, while you are wounding my country to its very heart's core."

The peroration is, we think, one of the oddest, yet grandest pieces of composition of its kind which we have ever read. Couched in language ungainly, yet pertinently forcible, it strikes equally the mind and the heart. There is no flattery, no swelling flights of language with their vague meaningless terms, but only the calm demands of a man conscious of the rectitude of his course. He was strong in his cause, he battled for justice; therefore he was irresistible. "I demand, I respectfully insist, on equal justice for Ireland, on the same principle by which it has been administered to Scotland and England. I will not take less. Refuse me that if you can."

With a few more orators of the stamp of O'Connell, Ireland would receive justice.

ROBERT HALPIN, '05.



Joan of Arc.

THERE are few more heroic figures in history than that of the Maid of Orleans. To the unbiased mind, her romantic career and sad fate must forever appear grand and inspiring. Her life so strenuous in obedience to the call of her inner voices always claims attention and sympathy. The recent process concerning her canonization has awakened renewed interest in behalf of her who undoubtedly called by divine Providence to become the deliverer of her country, has shed lustre upon France and upon all womanhood. To dwell upon the blameless character of this singular heroine and consider her faithfulness to her divine commission is surely a profitable task.

In whatever light we may consider the career of Joan of Arc, we must admit the reality of her supernatural calling. The nature and circumstances of her extraordinary mission disprove the mere possibility of any superstitious agencies. Joan was a pure, simple and inexperienced peasant girl. In her rustic surroundings there was nothing that could have filled her mind with hallucinations of so strange a character. What did she know about war or military tactics? What a contrast between her spindle and the sword! The impulse of her strange undertaking did therefore not originate in the simple dreams of this girl. This also at once disproves the theory that she was a conscious deceiver, even if her subsequent conduct and the general purity and saintliness of her life would not refute this supposition.

Joan was ever conscious of her own weakness. She well knew that she was but the mere instrument

of Providence to deliver France, hence her firm belief and constant faith in the guidance of her heavenly protectors. She was resolved to accomplish her task in the face of all human opposition: "I must go, because God wills it." In all the difficulties and trying situations to which her mission naturally subjected her, she simply said, "This is no work of my own choosing; God wills it." Neither her enthusiasm nor success and popular adulation, the great tempters to pride in mankind, wrought any change in her modesty and simplicity. "I know nor A nor B," she exclaimed in touching pathos before her examiners, "but in our Lord's book there is more than in your book. I come in behalf of the King of Heaven to cause the siege of Orleans to be raised and to take the king to Rheims that he may be crowned and anointed there." Three of the greatest ladies of France sum up their verdict regarding the moral character of Joan of Arc. "After a grave inquiry we have discovered in her naught but goodness, humility, devotion, honesty and simplicity."

Hers was a grand mission and she performed her personal part in it with credit and glory. Her figure appears as dramatic and heroic as any ever conceived by a poet. A simple peasant girl at the head of the entire French army! Her weak arm wields the sword with the skill of the knight; king and soldier obey her command; a mighty foe yields to her arms. But these glories of her achievements did not disturb the simplicity of her mind, nor did her novel mode of life lead her from the path of virtue. Her innocent heart throbbed with the same devotion for her God in the camp and in the battle field as it did on her native hills when watching her father's sheep. "Could we hear mass daily," she said to

her comrades, "we should do well." In the midst of her triumphs Joan remained the pure, tender-hearted peasant girl of the Vosges. The sanctity and simplicity of her life more than her ardor and courage fired the hearts of her soldiers and revived their dejected and depraved spirits. "They felt," says the journal of the siege, "all of them comforted, and, as it were, disbesieged by the divine virtue which they had been told existed in the maid." The deep Christian spirit of Joan exerted itself on every occasion in the most admirable acts of religious piety. She publicly rendered thanks to God, for her repeated victories, and showed deep compassion for her fallen enemies.

Joan was ever bent on completing her task. All thought of herself was lost in the thought of fulfilling her mission. Neither the insults of her enemies, nor the flatteries of her followers influenced her to act contrary to what she conceived her duty. "I would rather die," she said, "than sin against the will of God." A celebrated theologian of Paris makes the following comment upon her mission: "Even if she should be mistaken in her hopes and in ours, it would not necessarily follow that what she does comes of the evil spirit and not of God."

Her undertaking, as we know, was attended with success, though events took a tragic turn in the end. But who will take heart to blame her for remaining in the field after the siege of Orleans and the coronation of the king at Rheims? True, her mission was ended, as she herself declared, and her subsequent deeds, unattended by success, plainly showed; yet, much as we deplore her weakness in yielding to the king's entreaties, we cannot accuse her of disobedience and disloyalty to her divine calling. Joan

made a fatal mistake, it is true, but she may readily be excused on the ground that she was not inspired as to exact time and manner of her mission. In such an extraordinary task it was not at all unnatural for her to make a mistake or to overdo her role. She had been commanded to deliver France, and although she understood that her mission was to cease with the coronation of the king, she had never been explicitly instructed to lay down her arms after that event. A part of France was still in foreign hands, hence anything she undertook might have been in accordance with her mission. It is plain that Joan did not deliberately go beyond her real errand. Her answer to the demands of the king to remain with him will not permit us to think otherwise: "O gentle king, the pleasure of God is done. I would like it well, if it would please your majesty to send me back to my father and mother, to keep their sheep and their cattle and do that which was my wont." Joan had not the strength to oppose the king's entreaties and had moreover some reason to think that her presence, although not necessary, would at least strengthen the national cause. If the work of Joan of Arc appeals to every lover of heroic and patriotic deeds, she has a still greater claim upon our sympathies and admiration in her tragic end. Here her pure figure stands forth majestically in the full grandeur of a heroine against the background of malice and superstition. As a weak and simple shepherd girl she had unhesitatingly accepted the divine summons to rescue France from the enemy. In the fulfillment of this supernatural task she not only willingly offered her own feeble strength, but finally gave up her life in sacrifice of her country and died as a martyr for her cause. We know how persistently and courageously

she defended her honor against the alleged imputations of base witchcraft. Her simple shrewdness foiled the efforts of all her judges, for no other plea could they wrest from her lips than a bold declaration of her unshaken faith in God and her celestial voices. "I had rather die," she cried passionately, "than renounce what I have done by my Lord's command." Her abjuration of heresy was a forced one as we learn from her own words. Her last words which resounded from that lofty scaffold shall ever attest her purity and saintliness. "O Rouen! Rouen! I have fear lest you suffer for my death. Yes, my voices were of God, they have never deceived me!" Well could Tressart, the secretary of King Henry IV., remark after the execution, "We have burned a saint." She had lived as a saint and died as a saint. History offers not another example of such a modest little soul, with a faith so pure and efficacious, resting on divine inspiration and patriotic hope. As a Judith and Esther of old God had selected this weak vessel as a visible means to show how He makes use of the little to confound the strong, and how He alone determines the destinies of nations. It is regrettable that some of our great poets were led to asperse her character; but whatever mischief this may have caused, the Maid of Orleans is now fully restored to the esteem and affection of the people.

For the honor and glory of God and the sake of patriotism and heroism let us hope, that the name of Joan of Arc will receive added lustre as ages roll by, and that she will ere long be accorded the full honors of a saint.

MAURICE E. EHLERINGER, '06.

Two Notable Essays.

SEVERAL articles that are well worth the perusal of the student of literature are to be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March. Of these, the best is that of Rollo Ogden on "Prescott the Man." The writer has drawn his matter from many sources; principally from letters of Prescott himself and those of his friends, and from Prescott's diary. The enumeration of many incidents and anecdotes of Prescott's private life, his kindness toward children, his charity and benevolence; gayety of spirit "unflagging, not merely not despondent but positively hilarious," his attention to his health, and his application, gives us an opportunity to draw our own conclusions as to the greatness and beauty of the life of Prescott, the Man. Particularly touching is the moral side of his life, and his constant endeavor to root out his petty faults. Few of the things that Ogden relates are to be found in Ticknor's life of Prescott. The article is valuable even in as far as it proves that Prescott was sincere and upright in all his work, public as well as private. "Books Unread," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, tells of the author's own experiences as to the buying and reading of books; of the enthusiasm of his youthful days, "going without dinners and suppers in order to buy a coveted work, only to place it upon the library shelf to remain unread." This paper is one of a series entitled "A Part of a Man's Life," the first of which appeared in the January number of the *Atlantic*. They are all of them interesting and full of the vigor that is characteristic of Higginson's writing. "Theodore Mommsen," is a good exposition of the life work of the great Ger-

man, and "the man that lived beyond his time," both as a scholar and as a politician.

For three months in succession have we read with the greatest interest the article entitled "Poetry and Poets of America," by Churton Collins, which has appeared in the *North American Review*, and closed with the March number. We believe it to be the best, if not, one of the best reviews of American poetry that has yet been written. After all that has been said about American poetry by American critics and writers, it must be admitted that the foreigner alone can take a clear-headed and unbiased view of the relative merits of America's best poets. All that he says is interesting, and we will try to condense some parts of it for the benefit of our readers.

Heretofore critics have judged American poetry, either by that of the English, or by comparing one American poet with another, not establishing a common scale by which to measure them all, nor clearly defining the different kinds and periods of American poetry. Collins first of all destroys the criticisms that have been unjustly and sometimes malignantly directed against America's bards; then takes his stand in showing that poetry must not be estimated by the standard of other literatures so much as by the essential qualities of poetry itself. He also adduces several reasons why the poetry of America has met with so much destructive criticism at the hands of English judges. To his fellow critics of England he says, "We expect more than is reasonable to expect, and are disappointed; we find much for which our criteria are insufficient, and are perplexed. And the English people have not done justice to the poetry of

America. Our leading critics have always regarded it pretty much as the Greek critics regarded the poetry of the Romans; for what was indigenous in it they had no taste, from what reminded them of their own artists they turned with contemptuous indifference. Where originality existed it was not originality that appealed to them; where comparison with the genius and art with which they were familiar, and from which their own touchstones and standards were derived, was challenged or could be instituted, sensibly or insensibly it was instituted, and inferiority stood revealed."

"American poetry has the common distinguishing notes that characterize German poetry—simplicity, purity and wholesomeness." We would search in vain through the voluminous records of American song for a poem by any poet of note or merit, with one exception, who is an exception in everything (Whitman) glorifying animalism or blasphemy, or attempting to throw a glamor over impurity and vice." When we read the above sentences we know at once that we have encountered a critic that will look upon our poets with justice and judge them according to their merits and not according to their demerits. Collins' characterization of the distinguishing features of each period of American poetry is forcible and most clearly defined. We seem to see three monuments, each standing by itself, yet intimately joined together by the bond of a common theme, nature—the ground theme of every American poet—and by a native humor and nobility of heart and mind. The writer's sentences and paragraphs call to mind many phases of our own poetry that are beautiful and which American critics have failed to find in the single poets themselves; these phases can only

be plain to him who looks at American poetry in its entirety; they are something common to *American* poetry which, in the opinion of Collins, is something that really and truly exists.

Before the year 1835 America had not produced a poet of high order. "There was nothing to encourage the poet to excel; he was in a country which had no literary tradition of its own, and in which criticism was in its infancy."

Collins' description of the qualities of each of our more prominent American poets are so full of thought and so well developed and clothed in reverential diction that when we have read them, we know that he has written truly. We know also that he has given us a distinct idea of the quality of the poetry of each American writer, and of the relative merit of each, not to this or that other individual writer but to all writers; to a common standard of writing by which to measure them all; and the effect is that a place has been created for each poet in turn, a niche of comparative prominence for each man, with Longfellow on the pinnacle with acknowledged fame, and Whitman in the gutter but prominent and notorious for all that. He analyzes and defines, and shows the essential worth of all American poets judged by the standard of *American* poetry, established on the fundamental rules that make poetry what it is.

Worthy of notice is this sentence: "American poetry presents the extraordinary anomaly of having no infancy. Like the portentous child in Hesiod it was born with gray hairs. Decrepit from its birth it had in itself no principle of vigorous life. By re-creation only could that life inspire it. The process had been commenced by Bryant, and was

now to be completed. America was to have a poetry of her own."

"In William Cullen Bryant, America produced her first poet of classical rank, the first who is essentially original, and whose originality is of a high order. It is no figure of speech to say that the *American muse* found her first voice in Bryant." Mr. Collins says this because English critics have accused Bryant of being nothing but a disciple of Wordsworth, and that his best measures have been borrowed from English poetry. Collins says: "Bryant's relation to Wordsworth may be more accurately indicated by calling him, in virtue of his own native genius, and not by virtue of imitation, the 'American Wordsworth,' and of his blank verse it may be said, that in structure and rythm, it is entirely his own." This is by far not all that we could quote of what Collins says about the poetry of Bryant, "who went out among the wonders and beauties of the 'New World' to the rolling prairies"

"To the gardens of the desert,
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name."

"Whittier stands lowest among the eminent poets of America, his best work is not work into which any high poetic quality enters. Poe is to American literature what Keats is to ours—an artist for art's sake, to whom little appealed but the beautiful, and whose poetry at its best, is the expression of exclusive homage to it. . . . It has nothing of the influential virtue of vital poetry; it carries no balm for life's cares."

Mr. Collins sums the worth of the poetry of Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell in one sentence:

"It is a poetry which plays on the surface of life, catching its lights and shadows; dealing with its ordinary experiences, and giving most musical utterance to such reflections and sentiments as those experiences are wont to evoke from normally and healthily constituted men and women."

"Holmes we love best as the poet of the changes and chances of man's life, as the tender laureate of memory—consecrated past; as the cheerful optimist, when night is nigh—for his genial humanity, his mellow wisdom." In passing from Holmes to Lowell, we pass from charm to power. In originality, in virility, in many-sidedness, Lowell is the first of American poets. . . . The truth is that Lowell was in constitution and temper a humorist and moralist touched with aesthetic sensibility, with the fancy, not with the imagination, with something of the fervor, not with the enthusiasm of a poet. As a painter of nature he has few superiors, in his own country, none. His hortatory and didactic poetry is worthy of the music and felicity of Milton and Wordsworth, at least of their tone, when that tone is most exalted.

Treating Longfellow, he defends him especially against his critics saying that to listen to criticisms of the poetry of Longfellow is like "listening to reproaches on those we love; distressed and irritated we long to retort on those who utter them. . . . Such poetry as his is no more intended for critics than the Bible was intended for theologians, or the spring that gushes forth and refreshes the toil-worn traveler, to supply material for analytical chemistry." Every word of this is true. Longfellow's poetry is the very essence of humanity and will bear no such torture as English critics especially have meted out to it. "'Evangeline' is America's 'De-

serted Village.' " Bayard Taylor is according to Collins "the most versatile of American men of letters; sensitive, receptive, finely touched and finely tempered, with a faculty of fluent expression and production." "Lanier has failed to do justice to his genius, by deliberately fettering himself with a most mistaken theory. He endeavored to blend and reconcile what is peculiar to music with what is peculiar to poetry." "Bret Harte has great versatility. When he strikes the notes which other poets have struck, it is generally with added charm. It cannot be denied that his verses are *quantum valeat*, perfectly original and have a most provoking fascination."

All the minor poets receive their share of praise for their good qualities, and a just criticism of the bad qualities, and it is all told expressively and beautifully, without a touch of text-book style, which is so often found in critical writings.

Mr. Collins' estimation of Whitman is the best we have yet read, and in our opinion, is the best that could have been written of that eccentric poet of ours of whom we must in some measure be ashamed, because he was the first to soil our literature, but at the same time we must laugh at his pranks, and admire his boldness. To give a correct estimation of his poetry we would have but to quote Collins in full. We will only examine the good things that he says about him: "There can of course be no question about Whitman's genius. Had he been true to it, he would have stood high among genuine poets; for on rare occasions when he is true to it, he has lyric notes of thrilling power, he has pathos, he has passion, and in his nature pictures he has often a magical touch. . . . But Whitman's virtues will be of no avail. The world

never respects a man who does not respect himself."

At the close of his article Mr. Collins makes a statement, that is rather dogmatic in a certain sense, but still full of meaning, the truth of which is only too apparent. "In the sphere of intellectual activity, nothing is seriously energetic but science, or vitally influential but the scientific spirit; and what that spirit has engendered, the spirit of investigation, analysis and criticism, is ubiquitous. Under this deadly solvent of the spiritual and imaginative faculties of man, their two creations, poetry and theology, seem to be melting away, the one resolving itself into an aesthetic appeal to the senses, the other into a code of ethics. Materialism and wealth-accumulating labor and luxury, with all that accompanies and all that follows in their train, have and must inevitably have the effects which Wordsworth, Emerson and Ruskin attributed to them. . . . Materialism—and let us understand the word in its most comprehensive sense—has still a long course to run. Of that we may be quite sure. . . . Very different from the poetry of the past will be the poetry of the future. It will more likely find its inspiration in the immense emancipated, undeveloped life, with its infinite potentialities and possibilities, which is unfolding itself in the New World, than in the more contracted, tradition-trammelled life of the Old. . . . In a word it is likely to be a poetry the features of which have been more clearly if still dimly, adumbrated in the genius typical of America, than in the genius typical of any of the European nations."

I. A. W., '04.

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Editorials.

*Holy
Week.*

Of all dramas, it has been truly said, the greatest is that of the passion of our Lord, with its final scene on Mount Calvary.

Though this is daily acted by the priest at the altar, there is a time when we are permitted to witness it in more than its usual fulness and impressiveness, namely, in Holy Week. The events that then pass before our vision are of a nature to stir our souls to their depths.

At the College the ceremonies are each year carried out strictly according to liturgy, and never fail to be impressive and instructive.

Easter. Nature's a sphinx to those who know
 Not Resurrection time!
We read her well; in every clime
 Faith makes her meaning glow."

The sorrow and humility with which the soul assists at the services during Holy Week, are changed on the morning of Easter. Glorious day! What a wealth of joy, happiness and gratefulness dost thou bring to the Christian heart! The day of Easter is glorious not only by contrast with the days preceding, but because of its significance and hallowed memories. Who does not appreciate and comprehend the meaning of the Resurrection? What Christian does not know that it is the supreme proof of the divinity of our Lord and a sure pledge of our own resurrection?

It is well that this bright and happy day should come with the budding year, when the earth rises from the sleep of winter into the freshness of spring time. All nature rises with Him and does Him honor, for Christ is our joy. The bright sunshine, pure sky, and gay flowers and the heavenly faces of happy souls, reflect His risen glory.

"Light in the East!—and all doubt is past,
 And all earth's beauty buds,—the risen One
 Has taken from our race the seal of doom,—
 Sweet peace has come,—and we are free at last!"



Nature Study Someone has said that nature, like man, is a huge book in which every one that wishes may read. Of all the seasons of the year, spring unfolds its leaves to us most freely, eagerly inviting us by its budding glory and freshness to examine attentively its interesting pages and peep at its bewitching footnotes. Nothing is more

delightfully entertaining and instructive. Would that we could be all Burroughs, Whites or Sheehans! Would that we possessed their keen discernment and appreciation of nature's untold beauties. Even the habits of birds and insects are their study. The first buddings of nature, after the cold snow had been melted, are their all-absorbing delight. The early budding of a lilac, the sudden appearance of a bee-martin, among their trees is to them more important than an extra session of Congress or a peace conference of many nations. From their little plants and tiny feathered tribes they draw their morals and philosophy. Through them, as through a beautiful mirror, they catch glimpses of the Creator of Nature. It is needless to say that naturalists and intelligent observers of nature are usually gentle, loving and sympathetic men. No one observing the admirable workings of nature except through indifferent eyes, can fail in feeling himself drawn closer to his Creator.

Students on the whole are not much inclined to observe the early budding of a flower, the glad return of a robin or lark. If the birds do not come in chorus, and if the trees do not suddenly blossom forth in gorgeous attire, their attention and interest are not aroused; yet they are losing a splendid opportunity of gaining pleasure and knowledge. To a keen observer nature in her full magnificence is no more interesting and instructive than in its unfolding. A general knowledge of plants and animals, their nature and peculiarities, satisfies the greater part of men. Most of us cannot become famous botanists and entomologists, but we may all become sympathetic observers of nature and learn something about its inner workings. It will be a never-failing source of pleasure and inspiration.

*War in
the East.*

To the average lad that is required to hand in a composition from time to time, the most astounding thing about the war in the East is the way the newspapers manage to give us columns of war news every day. No better example of amplification has ever come under our eyes. A scrap of news of a few words, or a modest statement, "It is reported," etc., they will expand to a five-column description. Could we only do likewise, how promptly we would hand in our compositions.

Apart from the purely literary interest, however, the war continues to hold our attention partly because of the uncertainty of the outcome, partly by reason of the great issues involved. Everyone seems to feel that the result of the war will materially affect the interests of mankind, and in consequence a spirit of uneasiness is manifested everywhere. What will happen if Japan should cow Russia? Will she then wake the slumbering millions of China and with them overrun Asia, and perhaps Europe? The brand of civilization that Japan has to offer is surely not desirable.

How will the Muscovite power exert itself if victorious in this conflict, as it undoubtedly will be in the end, at least on land? It will then have all Asia and South-Eastern Europe at her mercy. It may mean the realization of the dream of the Pan-slavists—a united Russia with all the slavic peoples in her fold. That will also bring about the dissolution of Austria, and perhaps the general readjustment and division of Europe according to races and not according to states with a heterogeneous population as at present. A tendency toward this end has been observed for years.

What will be the effect upon the religion of the

world? Recent travelers have pointed out that there is a good deal of genuine Christianity in Russia, much more than some enlightened Westerners thought possible. The Russians have undoubtedly a stronger hold upon Christianity than the non-Catholic denominations. At the same time there is much superstition and bigotry against the Catholic Church in Russia. Millions of Catholics have in recent years been forced into apostasy by cunning and cruel measures. Still a change is noticeable also here. The present Czar treats his Catholic subjects with justice, and is even said to be a devout client of St. Anthony of Padua. Some think that a large portion of his people would at once return to Catholic unity if left free to do so, but whether this is in harmony with facts we cannot say. The God that watches over nations will dispose everything according to the decrees of His wisdom.



Exchanges.

FOR the first time since we have been "we" it is our happy lot to welcome a new exchange. A pleasant task at all times, it is on this occasion doubly so, because of the excellence of this latest acquisition to journalism, the *College Spokesman*. This newcomer would amply warrant our saying all the customary nice things without feeling that we had in the least been guilty of flattery. In "Villain versus Villain" the repulsiveness of Shakespeare's two master villains is shown in such a manner as to excite our admiration for the genius that created them, but our eternal hatred for the characters themselves. The ex-man has thoughts worth jotting down. Would that the somnambu-

listically inclined brethren of our race would peruse his column. A hearty welcome to our sanctum, *Spokesman*, and may thy literary escutcheon remain untarnished for many a year!

With sentiments of real joy do we again see the *University of Ottawa Review* on our table. We thought, ere perusing it, that it would be much like the initial number of a volume, but a hasty glance sufficed to show us our mistake. "The Little Midshipman" is about the neatest bit of writing of its kind that we have seen for some time. The sly, half-sarcastic humor, which runs through the whole is capable of awakening the risible sensibility of even a staid old ex-man. "Gerald Griffin" aroused in us expectations which, we regret to say, were not realized. The style is too much at variance with what the subject would suggest. A little more attention to the graces of composition would have made it quite readable.

The *Niagara Index* for February contains two very suggestive essays on "Liberty" and "The Importance of Human Testimony." The former, in particular, is written in a neat and forcible style. The editorials are timely and well-written, but especially so the one in defense of Archbishop Quigley. A story or an occasional description would relieve the tedium of so many essays.

Some exchanges have not learned to distribute praise and blame equally. The *Dial* is of their number. Even if he does not believe in the principle that a reviewer should point out beauties rather than defects, he should not be so critical as to appear "puerile." It's too bad that the verses of "Holy Night" shattered his nerves. How would such a poem like "Thanatopsis" for instance, affect him! A more thorough study of the figures of

rhetoric might yet make the meaning of the line "While angel choirs round Him ring" clear to him. As to his opinion regarding the stories—well, it is his opinion. We were a little surprised at this show of bias in the *Dial*, for such it is evidently, and consider it a case of mistaken humility not to reply to it.

We are not conscious of having anything in the nature of a scarecrow about our sanctum, but we must confess that of late we have begun seriously to entertain such a notion. So far this year we have looked in vain for even a glimpse of the *Sacred Heart Collegian*, and a number of others seem to be making a piece of hit and miss fancy work out of their visits to us.



New Books.

The Young Color Guard, by M. C. Bonesteel. Those desiring to enlarge their home libraries in the line of novels should certainly procure a neat little volume, "The Young Color Bearer, or Tommy Collins at Santiago," by M. C. Bonesteel. It treats of a very interesting event occurring in the life of a young private soldier during the Spanish-American War in Cuba. The hero of the tale, Tommy Collins, is truly deserving of his title. On every occasion does he show himself the same undaunted, disinterested, self-sacrificing young chap met with in the "Little Recruit, Tommy Collins." The language is natural, clear and charming, and the story is told in an interesting way. Some fine bits of description are scattered throughout its pages. This little book is especially suited to those who crave for military life and adventure. Benziger Bros., Cincinnati. Price 45 cents. I. C., '07.

The Haldeman Children, by Mary E. Mannix, Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 45 cents.

"The Haldeman Children" is the title of a story as charming as it is amusing. Our sympathy is at once secured for the orphaned Haldemans, and it is a real and ever increasing delight to follow them on their road to success. Father Carrol's regard for the children is a pleasing thing and does much to enhance the qualities of the story. The disinterestedness and devotion of Miss Nancy toward the Haldeman Children gives rise to the thought of how much good a kind person is able to effect among his fellowmen. The several characters are neatly drawn, with one or two exceptions. It is indeed a simple, interesting and touching story. We gladly recommend it to all who take pleasure in reading a book that deals with the domestic affections.

O. R. H., '07.



Athletics.

WITH the early advent of spring the lethargy that has hung so tenaciously to us has happily subsided, and with light feet as well as light hearts the baseball aspirants can be seen tripping gaily over the green campus, pursuing with greatest earnestness the object of their desire—the little sphere. Sore arms and fingers tell the tale of a few days early practise, but now the coming players have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty.

The representative team has reorganized and hopes run high for a good season. The management is held in suspense as to whether it can secure the much desired players from St. Xavier's hall, but as the authorities have issued no decision as yet, spring practise was begun without them.

Besides Halpin, Shea and Sullivan no players of last year's team remain, but through a careful weeding by the management a team of unexpected merit has been organized. Lonsway will dish up the benders for the wary batters, while Seimetz is rapidly developing into a catcher of some quality. Capt. Halpin will resume his old place at second, and Sullivan at short. Michaely and Monahan are working for infield positions, and since third base is empty, this is the goal of their desire. In the field all new men are trying; Allgeier, Fisher, Hoerstman showing up strongest.

The earliest report was a game on March 9, when the representative team played the Victors a practise game of five innings. The game was a fair specimen for such an early exhibition and resulted in a large score. It also afforded Halpin an opportunity of seeing the men work out in a game. Michaely covered second base very creditably, and Monahan held down sack number three. Von der Haar, our husky southpaw, pitched the game, but since the season was so early, gave little attention to aught save placing them over the plate. Sullivan played a splendid game at short, as well as Shea on first. All the men working out at present showed up favorably.

The Victors have reorganized with a strong team and expect to show a few things on the baseball field. Michael Bodine was elected captain and Joseph Bryan, manager. In the game played with the first team on March 5, they made a favorable showing, and shall in the course of the season develop into a fast team. Fitzgerald at short and Nageleisen at third, will strengthen the infield considerably.

On the whole the baseball outlook at St. Joseph's this year is very favorable, but the addition of the

cream from St. Xavier's Hall would greatly add to the strength of the representative team. We live in hopes.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.

Societies.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY has always witnessed a play of some sort or other. This year, however, an exception was made in allowance for the importance of King Saul, and a literary program was rendered instead. The participants were very able representatives of the C. L. S., and added additional glory to their past successes. It was presented in the following order:

Music, "Un Ballo in Maschera".....Band
 Address, "Great Men".....M. Bodine
 Recitation, "How to Go to Sleep".....A. Koenig
 Debate: "Resolved, That We Advocate the Principle of
 a Protective Tariff" ..Aff., R. Halpin; Neg., A. Scheidler
 Columbian Paper.....E. Lonsway
 Declamation, "Regulus to the Roman Senate".....L. Monahan
 Dramatic Recitation, "Ursus' Struggle".....I. Wagner
 Music, "Ye Boston Tea Party", March.....Band
 Afterpiece, "Turning a New Leaf."

CAST.

Edgar Atchison.....H. Grube
 Mr. Jenkins.....A. Shaefer
 Mr. Thompson.....H. Helmig
 Mr. Monroe.....Mr. Wachendorfer

The initial speaker, M. Bodine, presented a strong and forcible address that did not fail to rouse the audience. Mr. Koenig greatly surpassed his former efforts. The debate was the most interesting feature of the program. Mr. Halpin gained a good point in his manner of delivery. He spoke from conviction, and showed great self-possession. Want of logical arrangement, however, detracted somewhat from the strength and

unity of his otherwise well-written debate. In this last particular Mr. Sheidler excelled. In point of good, effective delivery, he also was not wanting. Mr. Lonsway's paper sparkled with puns and witty remarks. The dramatic recitation of Mr. Monahan was the treat of the evening. Ursus' Struggle, from "Quo Vadis," was the happiest selection of the evening, yet Mr. Wagner failed to do justice to it, mainly owing to a lapse of memory. The musical selections were exceptionally good. The afterpiece, "Turning a New Leaf," was instructive and replete with dramatic possibilities. The rendition was quite good, especially that of H. Grube as "The Boy."

On Sunday, March 13, the Columbians were entertained by a private program in order as follows:

Recitation, "Albert Drecker".....	F. Kocks
Essay, Education Apart from Books.....	B. Quell
Humorous Recitation, "Am Life Worth Libin' ".....	
.....	J. C. O'Donnell
Declamation, "Injustice, Cause of National Ruin"....	E. Pryor
Dialogue, "Brutus and Cassius," from Julius Cæsar,	
Act I, Sc. 2.....	Messrs. J. Bryan and A. Linneman

The program, though short, was a most enjoyable affair. The impersonation of Mr. Freiburger as the "Old Man," and Mr. M. Helmig as "The Drummer," would be called perfect by the most fastidious audience anywhere, which is saying a great deal.

St. Patrick's Day was observed at the college with unusual spirit and eclat. The weather was of the traditional St. Patrick Day kind, but this did not prevent the boys from enjoying the day. Mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock by Rev. Gregory Jussel, C. PP. S., of St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, and was followed by benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Father Justin, the Director of Music, had prepared the following program, which was beautifully rendered for the occasion:

Introit, Gradual, Tractus, Offertory and Communion...	
.....	Gregorian Chant
Missa Septimi.....	Dr. Fr. Witt
In Nomini Jesu.....	J. Handel
Tantum Ergo.....	Witt

The special efforts taken by the choir are deserving of praise.

The remainder of the day was given to various amusements. In the evening all assembled in the College Auditorium to witness a well prepared and tasty program presented by the Aloysians.

This was the second time the Junior Literary Society appeared in public this year, and if the former efforts were highly laudable, the St. Patrick's Day program is even more so. The program presented was as follows:

Declamation, "The Feat of the Gale".....	J. Costello
Recitation, "St. Patrick".....	M. Bryan
Recitation, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning".....	J. Boland
Song, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning".....	{ J. Costello E. Howe J. Boland
Oration, "The Trumpet of Ireland's Faith".....	N. Allgeier
Declamation, "Erin's Hope".....	E. Howe
Song, "Through Tara's Halls".....	Trio
A. L. S. Paper.....	Editor, P. Miller
Afterpiece—"Poet in Search of a Patron."	
Participants—P. Miller, L. Nageleisen, L. Huelsman, P. Gase, P. Peiffer, L. Scohy, E. Haab, T. Sacconi.	
"The Walking Dictionary."	
Characters.....	L. Bergman, J. Saccone, J. Bath
Music.....	College Band

The program was enjoyable in every respect. Special mention is due to Messrs. Allgeier, Costello and the trio. The editor's paper was certainly a treat, a great part of it was thoroughly original and full of sly humor.

Siftings.

Who was telling of a thing the other day with a back, semi-half round?

A high tariff on broken chains that find their way into the carpenter shop. K. D. & Co.

The proud Bismarck came to the Kaiser and humbly asked for a soup-bone. Rex refused.

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P. MILLER & Co. NOBODY ELSE.

What Von der Haar told me: "One afternoon I made up my mind to take a walk, and after getting my cap from the rather Sleepy study-hall I went out into the rather Gloomy weather, and in a minute later was on the Happy base-ball grounds. In the field to the north I saw Teddy tedding hay in fear Rainey weather might soon set in. While Gazing up to the Black sky I said to myself, 'I wish it would Fries so I could go skating.' I then turned my back to the campus and went directly to the Barbershop, where I saw the Barber Frei eggs in one of Engresser's Cady hats. He seemed to be angry at my having caught him at this, and threatened to strike me with a dumbell if I would snitch. I left the room immediately and was glad to have escaped the Hazzard so easily. I then went towards the study-hall, but as I got to the steps I got tangled up in the New Myre and fell, and when I came to myself the prefect was at the top of the steps and said: 'The first time I caught you lying.'"

For Sale: A nine-year-old colt.

Exchange: A wheelbarrow for two dozen turkey eggs.

Lost: A cat bearing the name of Tory; finder please return to Bumpsey.

Lost: Near the Caecilia Hall, a jacket belonging to a student, lined with red flannel.

Carlos in Geography: "I have Bélugi, but can't find Stan."

If at no other time, we will have a strong shadow of a team when the sun shines.

Huelsman, who is ever ready to disintegrate any task placed within his grasp, would prefer almost anything to working seven hours a day; he would even prefer cider, just worked a little.

T. Sulzer wished to send a bundle containing some appetizing artistic productions G. O. P., but was induced by H. Gallagher to abandon his petty idea.

Prof. in Latin Prosody: "What is the quantity of nec(k)?"

M. Bodine (who knows the quality of rubber, and never entertains a doubt): "That is long by nature."

Carlos is the latest ebullition in the comedians' department. While practising with B. C.'s he soberly remarked, "I made an excellent jump but didn't go low enough." He came from the state of jack-rabbits, cyclones, etc., where "stockings with pockets" and "undershoes" are manufactured—Kansas.

Eddie Pryor: "I'll never go to the sick-room for a stay again if I can get out of it."

Gloomy: "Well I will as soon as I can get in it."

Base-ball is at present extremely responsible for sore arms, sore heads, and soar managers.

Joe Bryan has reinforced his memory with several of the latest (?) phrases, such as "Don't tell anybody," "Who would o' thunk it," "I guess so mineself," "Is that so," "People in flower houses shouldn't play marbles," "Now, what do you think of that?"

Hurrah for the Jockey team! Not being able to secure a single victory last season they have attempted to have their courage renewed by organizing. Prospects are brighter for them this year, as they will have the happiness to contend with the "Minims" and "Baby Team." They have brilliant (?) leaders in the persons of Bodine and Bryan.

Beware of "Muscles!"

Recently in the "Ever Grateful Past" the pleasing stillness of the C. L. S. reading room was horribly disturbed. Also the various occupants who were imbibing a little knowledge unconsciously or otherwise. The door banged open and rouge-cheeked, wild-eyed, breathless Fitzie came rushing in with steaming hair and vociferated nasally (he had taken a little French), "Where's Ruskin, Ruskin, Ruskin? I want Ruskin!" With that he hopped up and around the shelf, bouncing like a lad with his first pair of mahogen rubber boots, and after oscillating between the tomes of Josephus and Rawlinson, he snatched up his Ruskin (Huckleberry Finn) and bounced out, leaving his obstupified spectators to make out the difference between Ruskin and Huckleberry Finn.

Note: Mahogen boots are those which required some one to toss hot biscuits at the wearer to avoid starvation.

The Raleigh smokers assembled for their third meet on the second Wednesday of March in their odoriferous hall to create their noble officials.

It was one of the most exciting and enjoyable meetings held for some time. Several thundering speeches were delivered, nevertheless Steiney's famous impromptu harangue partially surpassed Frei's vociferous ex tempore rant. Before adjourning they successfully decided on several royal "leatherheads" as superiors.

Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, E. Pryor, M. Shea, J. Sullivan, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, J. Bryan, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, F. Gribba, N. Keller, J. McCarthy, J. O'Donnell, E. Vurpillat, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, J. Engesser, R. Beck, J. Costello, G. Meier, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Hassler, L. Hildebrand, L. Kaib, A. Michaely, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, N. Weinkauff, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstrman, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, J. Von-der-Haar, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, P. Miller, J. Saccone, E. Carlos, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer, P. Caesar, H. Miller, L. Scohy, J. Quinlan.

90-95 PER CENT.

A. Schaefer, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, F. Kocks, E. Howe, M. Lang, P. Peiffer, A. Scherrieb, J. Boland, E. Haab, E. Spornhauer, A. Teehan, J. Bath, M. Bryan, D. Senefeld, B. Gallagher, A. Saccone, R. Black.

